

# Chips

## Elmo Hope

[Verse 1] Champ in the buil', and what the deal?

    This about to be another jam on the reals

You could dance if you with it with ya gams on stilts

    But ya can't can't slip up on her dance floor

She'll steal your man if she meet him, and ya man toss chips

    Went to France and Ibiza, hundred grand for the trip

When I land, I get greeted with the Lamb[orghini] on the strip

    Little Bam swiped her Visa for the glam and the fit

    Damn lil' diva you the champ, you the shit

        You the glamour, the glitz

        You a vamp, you a witch

    Listen up my nigga you a fan, you a trick

You be amped to the spits, with ya mans in the whip

    And heard ya rich, heard ya rich nigga rich

    Heard ya clique hit a lick and ya stick to the bricks

    And if it splits, get ya cran and ya tips

    Put ya hand on ya dick, take a gander at this

[Hook] Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this, and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)

    Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it

    So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)

[Verse 2] I'm everywhere you can't go, I'm everywhere you wish you could

I'm stitched-ed up in that Van Vogue, my weave long and my pussy good

    I lift it up and I tip it slow, that chocolate body, that tootsie roll

    That flirty Hershey, lawd' a mercy, do it to me, don't hurt me, hurt me

    Roly poly, float ya boatie, dick get up - it's so swolly swolly

    Swollen swollen, he holding, he packing pack

    And I'm throwing back, and I'm counting racks while lick the crack

If he acting up then he getting slapped, if I pop the truck then he getting clapped, I'll pop ya rump, and I'll split  
    ya back

[Hook] Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this, and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)

    Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it

    So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)

[Verse 3] Can I get that?

    Can I get that whip?

    Can I take that trip?

    Can I get that grip?

    Can I split that chip with my bitch pack?

    Where my rich cats?

Where ya keep that ship, when ya hit that strip?  
And ya hit that sand, in the sand, get a tan on ya six pack  
Where my bitch pack?  
Where ya get them clothes?  
How you make that roll?  
How you make that dough?  
Sip it slow, sip it slow, sip it, sit back  
Quit the chit chat, 'fore I grip that 4, and I life yo[ur] soul  
When I lick that, go nigga go nigga  
[Hook]Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this, and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)  
Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it  
So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)

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